

gratis.

# The Dying Ladies last Farewell

To the WORLD:

*Shewing the Vanity of things below and the Excellency of those above, &c.*

*26. Novemb. 1687.*

*To the Tune of, Sighs and Groans.*



**F**arewell to the World and all its Joys  
The troubles, hurries and endless noise  
That attend on its best Felicity,  
Since all its gaudy Pomp's but Pageantry.

Riches, Pow'r and Honour, what are they?  
Things that must and will soon away.  
Like gilded Clouds, a while seem bright and  
But soon disperse and vanish into Air. (fair

Beauty that's ador'd and so much priz'd,  
Can't be stay'd by all the Arts debiz'd,

The Roses and the Lillies that in prime  
Do look so fair, are wither'd all by Time.

All the glittering Glories of the Spring  
On themselves at last a Winter bring;  
The proudest Beauty and the gayest must  
Contented be to be embalm'd in dust.

Riches, Beauty, Pow'r, Honour and State,  
Must submit and yield themselves to Fate;  
For when death comes nor death, nor pow'r can save  
'Tis Mercur only that survives the Grave.

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## The Second Part to the same Tune.

**I**n this World our Joys are mix'd with Sorrow,  
For all things still uncertain are below,  
To day we are at rest and dread no ill,  
To morrow Gail instead of Wine do's fill.

The fond Cup we so delighted in,  
And instead of Pleasure gives us pain  
Nothing is stable, nothing sure we find,  
All things to change and vary are inclin'd.

Which thou'd Portals then so much desire,  
Transitory things that will expire;  
The saddest glories that are at no stay,  
Neglecting those that never will away.

Be wise then, while Time do's give you time,  
And spend not in such Transy your prime;  
But bid a farewell to all worldly things  
From which much trouble but no Joy springs.

By me be warn'd, and well advis'd to  
Who the depth and height of Pleasure knew,  
And try'd what e'er the World did rate most high  
In costly dainties and variety.

Yet to me they did but dull appear,  
Rather add than free me from sad care,  
For what e'er beneath the Skies we probe  
Are but Types and Shades of those above.

Then be wise and reach at lasting Joy,  
Pleasures that the Fates can ne'er destroy;  
Such as when this Life it is at end  
Will carry you beyond old Time's command.

Mounting you above the reach of Death,  
When he's took the Tribute of your Breath:  
No more in sadness you shall then complain,  
But yet by Vertue you must these obtain.

Be charitable, courteous and kind  
Let the poor your Bounty ever find:  
Do unto all as you'd be done unto,  
Be faithfull in your ways, be just and true.

Be not given unto change but probe  
How you still the ways of Truth do love:  
Let no Hypocrite nor Pride take place,  
For that the true Religion do's deface.

And thus in hopes these Lines may be receiv'd  
As kindly as they are by me bequeath'd:  
To Death I yield that Rings my Passing-bell  
Taking my leave, I bid the World's farewell.

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This may be Printed, R. P.

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Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in Pye-corner.